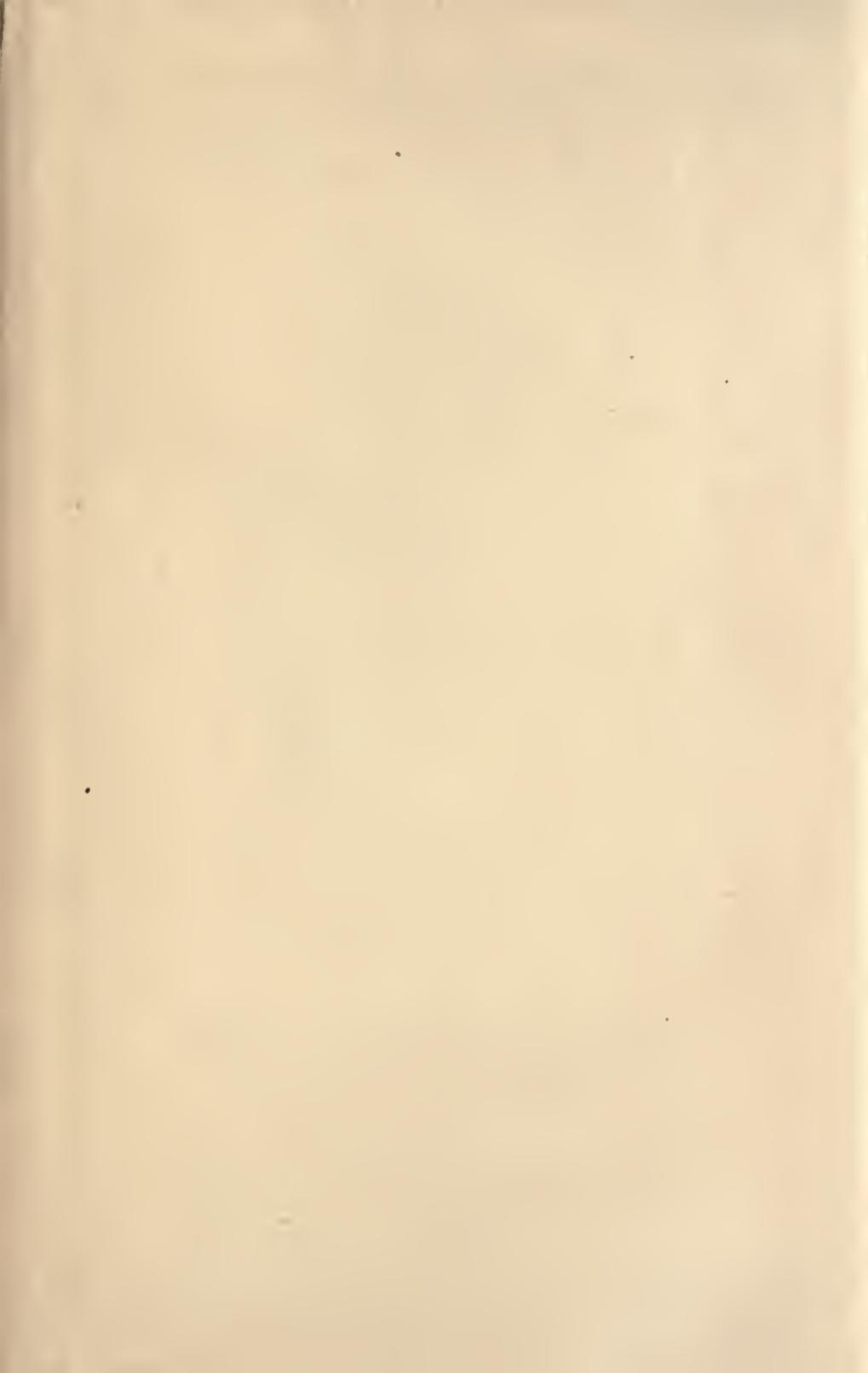


Poems  
by  
Frank H. Gassaway



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POEMS

THIS VOLUME  
CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING  
FAMOUS RECITATIONS  
AND OTHER POEMS  
BY  
FRANK H. GASSAWAY

---

The Pride of Battery B.	Bay Billy
The Dandy Fifth	The Wharf Rat
The Sharpshooter's Miss	"Guilty"
Flag of Our Fleet	"Here"
Woman's Day	The Marines
Etc.	Etc.





# POEMS

By

FRANK HARRISON GASSAWAY

NEW YORK  
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.,  
1920

THIS VOLUME  
OF PATRIOTIC VERSE  
IS DEDICATED  
WITH SINCERE ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION  
TO  
**WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST**  
THE GREATEST PUBLISHER, THE GREATEST AMERICAN,  
AND THE GREATEST-HEARTED GENTLEMAN  
ITS AUTHOR  
HAS EVER KNOWN.

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## FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH widely known for many years as one of the most popular and universally copied of the humorist fraternity it was not until the publication of his poem "The Pride of Battery B" that Frank Gassaway became, overnight, as it were, still more widely accepted as a poet whose gift of touching the chords of the human heart made his verses household words wherever English was spoken.

Written over a generation ago this poem by a Southern writer was an echo of the olive branch spirit of Finch's "The Blue and The Gray" and its instant popularity south of Mason and Dixon's Line evinced that its appeal to the forget-and-forgive spirit of the veterans on both sides of the great Civil War was welcome to all parts of our country.

Within six months after its appearance in the Examiner of San Francisco it was copied in over two thousand papers, and in fact it found its way into print wherever the English tongue is spoken. Up to this date it has appeared in fifty-two books of recitations, and has been recited on the stage and elsewhere countless thousands of times, only Sheridan's Ride and "Jim Bludsoe" rivaling it in popularity among elocutionists. Mrs. James Brown Potter the actress-

elocutionist gave it the chief place on her programs during her three round-the-world trips, and many other actors and actresses introduced it as a feature of their plays.

An instance of the universality of its vogue occurred in the late eighties during what was unfortunately proved to be the last tour of the then idol of the American public, Clara Morris.

During her season at the California Theatre in San Francisco she was tendered a "High Jinks" and banquet by the famous Bohemian Club of that city. A novel feature of the entertainment being that Miss Morris was the only woman present among the four hundred club members, who assembled to do her honor. As Miss Morris was not due to appear until the close of her performance that evening the assembled guests enlivened their wait, according to their time honored custom, by appointing a "Shanghai Committee" whose duty it was to seize upon incoming guests qualified to speak, sing or recite, and call upon them for entertainment. The first of these haled to the stage was Clay Greene the well known dramatist. The victim said that in lieu of a speech he would give his favorite poem. He then recited "The Pride of Battery B." The next entertainer to appear and be requisitioned by the committee was Harry Edwards, equally famed as an actor and a

scientist, and then appearing in the first act only of the Morris play. He recited "The Pride of Battery B." Later E. H. Sothern, the elder, who had specially telescoped his performance of Lord Dundreary at the Bush St. Theatre, appeared in the doorway of the Assembly room, and upon being hurried to the stage said that he would try to give his favorite poem, written he believed by a California writer. He recited "The Pride of Battery B."

An hour later the rattle of wheels outside announced the arrival of the committee escorting the guest of the evening whose appearance was hailed by cheers, after which the company proceeded to the banquet. When the black coffee stage was reached "Uncle" George Bromley, that most charming and witty of toast-masters, proposed the health of the star. In replying the guest stated that nothing was more embarrassing to her than attempting a speech, but that if it was permitted she would strive to entertain the company by giving the dearest of all poems. She recited "The Pride of Battery B," with such touching effect that for some minutes after its conclusion there was a profound silence, though the elocutionist was somewhat mystified by the merriment that mingled with the company's applause, until she was informed that hers was the fourth repetition of the piece that evening. Later

on, by universal request, she again gave the verses, standing on the table for the purpose.

About two months afterward, at the conclusion of her tour, the creator of "Miss Multon" was granted a similar ovation by the Lotus Club of New York, then the predecessor of the present Players Club. At this function she was again the only woman present. The fact that there was during the same week two large national conventions meeting in New York, the Republican and the G. A. R., inspired the committee having charge of the affair to make a special effort to secure the attendance of a number of exceptionally distinguished persons. So successful were their efforts that it is probable that a more notable company of history makers, and really famous men, never gathered under the same roof.

The occasion was almost a repetition of Bohemian Club tribute,—the star of the evening in responding to the welcoming speech by Chauncey Depew said that as one half of her heart was on the Pacific, and the other on the Atlantic side of the continent, she could do no better than reply in the same fashion that she had to her California friends. She recited "The Pride of Battery B," and this she repeated later in the evening in response to an insistent encore.

At the conclusion of the banquet some thirty

of the more notable of those present retired to the chess room of the club where a special symposium was held, and where, to oblige some later comers, once more the poem was called for and given.

About one A. M. two more belated guests appeared, Whitelaw Reid accompanied by Henry Ward Beecher, who had been lecturing at Steinway Hall that evening, and who had expressed especial desire to meet Miss Morris. On hearing of what occurred Mr. B. urged that the coincidence should be made complete and for a fourth time the lines were given. Whereupon at the suggestion of Beecher a committee of one was appointed to transmit to the author a note of appreciation from the gathering.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, being selected, that famous writer utilized his menu card for the purpose, writing on its reverse side:  
Dear friend and poet :

I have been appointed as a committee to express to you the very great pleasure afforded us all by Miss Clara Morris' recitation of your more than beautiful poem "The Pride of Battery B."

I trust you will be able to decipher this,—for—just having heard your exquisitely tender verses for the fourth time—the lines seem somewhat

blurred—my eyesight is pretty good, too.

With sincerest admiration we are, dear poet,

Yours gratefully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This was followed by some twenty odd signatures such as that of General Grant (then engaged in writing his memoirs, and his last public appearance), Generals Sherman and Porter, Senators Conkling, Lamar and Gorman, Speaker Blaine, John Russell Young, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sir William Eden, Chas. A. Dana, Bancroft Davis, Henry Ward Beecher, Whitelaw Reid, Bayard Taylor and others, while the stage was represented by the signatures of Jefferson, Booth, Daly, Mayer, Daniel Frohman, Florence and others.

In fact it is to be doubted if the names of a more distinguished array of notables ever appeared on the same piece of paper.

At the bottom of the card was written  
Very dear poet:

This is the proudest and happiest moment of  
my life. CLARA MORRIS.

This autographical treasure was framed by its recipient and presented by him to Col. John P. Jackson, then the U. S. Treasurer at San Francisco, and publisher of the Evening Post

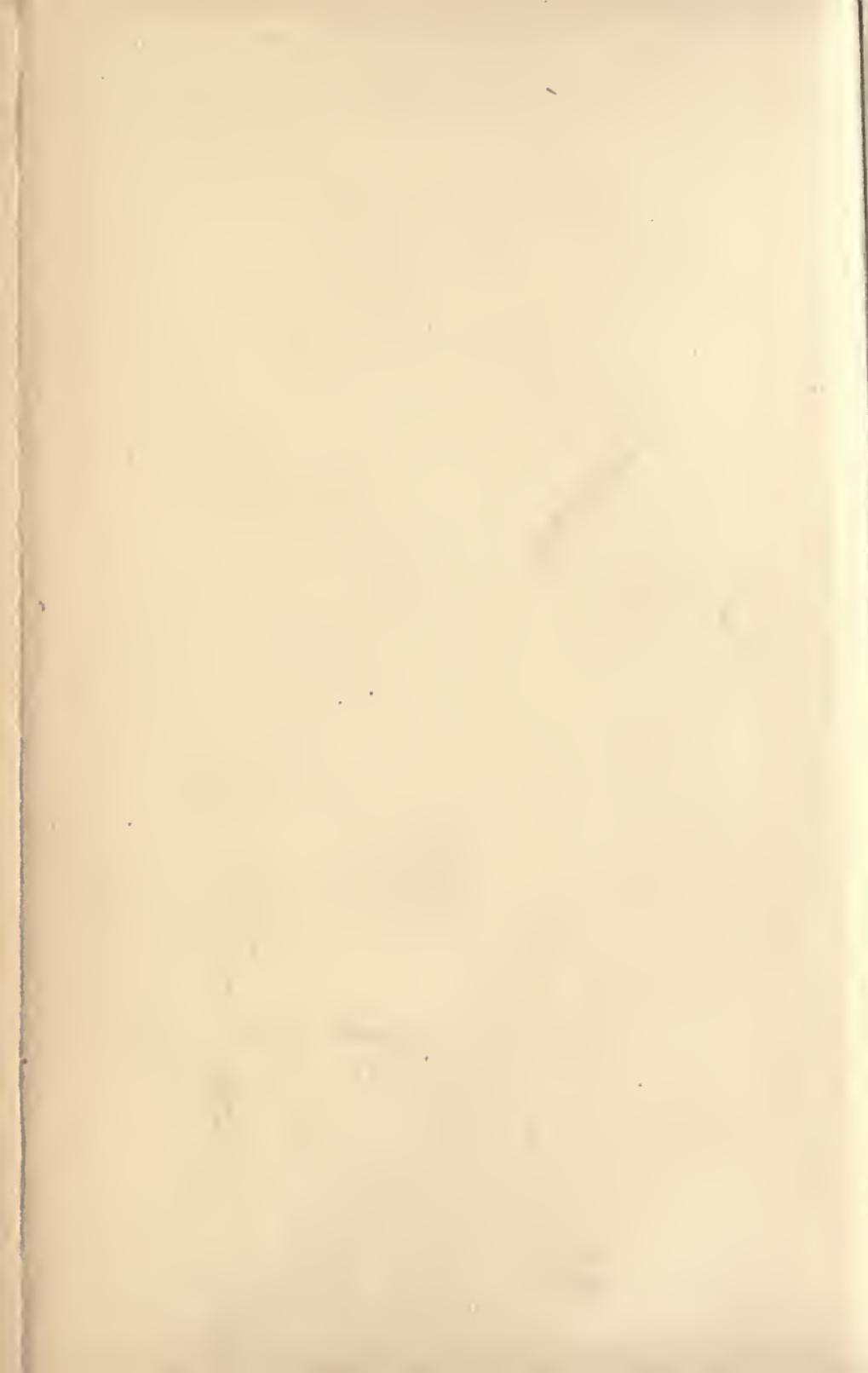
of that city.

Innumerable attempts were made by autograph collectors to purchase this unique document, one owner of a great eastern weekly publication, whose collection is said to be the costliest in the world, offering a figure of several thousands for it. It, however, met a martyr-like fate, going up in the blaze that reduced its owner's mansion to a cinder in the great fire that practically eliminated San Francisco from the map.

Among the other poems of Mr. Gassaway that have obtained wide favor and are perennially popular with elocutionists wherever our language is spoken are "The Dandy Fifth," "Advance," "The Flag of Our Fleet," "The General's Cloak," "The Sharpshooter's Miss," "The Wharf Rat," "Guilty," "A Little While," "Woman's Day," "The Marines" and others which appear in this volume.—The Publishers.



## NARRATIVE



## “ADVANCE!”

When war's wild clamor filled the land,  
When Porter swept the sea,  
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat  
And Halleck strove with Lee,  
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers—  
The flower of all our horse—  
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's ford,  
Where still it strove to cross.  
Three days the stubborn skirmish raged—  
The lines still closer grew—  
And now the rebels gained an inch  
And now the men in blue;  
Until at length the Northern swords  
Hemmed in the footmen gray,  
And each side girded for the shock  
That won—or lost—the day.  
'Twas scarce a lance's length between  
The torn and trampled banks  
O'er which our neighing squadrons faced  
The hard-pressed Southern ranks.  
And while Hood's sullen soldiers crouched  
Along the river's marge,  
His pickets brought a prisoner in—  
Captured in some brief charge.  
This was a stripling trumpeter,  
A mere lad—fitter far  
To grace some loving mother's hearth

Than these grim scenes of war.  
Yet still, with proud, defiant mien  
    He bore his soldier crest,  
And smiled above the shattered arm  
    That hung upon his breast.  
For was not he Staff Trumpeter  
    Of Custer's famed brigade?  
Did not the General speak through him  
    In camp or on parade?  
'Twas his to form the battle line;  
    His was the clarion peal  
That launched upon the frightened foe  
    That surging sea of steel!  
They led him to the outer post  
    Within the tangled wood,  
Beyond whose edge on chafing steeds  
    His waiting comrades stood.  
They placed his bugle in his hand  
    (A musket leveled nigh)—  
"Now, Yankee, sound a loud 'Retreat!'"  
    They whispered; "Sound—or die!"  
The lad looked up a little space—  
    A lark's song sounded clear,  
As if to ask why men had brought  
    Their deeds of hatred here—  
High in the blue the south wind swept  
    A single cloud of foam,  
A messenger—it seemed to him—  
    To bear his last thought home.

Then, casting t'ward that Northland far  
One sad but steadfast glance,  
He raised the bugle to his lips  
And blew—the “Grand Advance!”  
A bullet cut the pean short,  
But, ere his senses fled,  
He heard that avalanche of hoofs  
Thunder above his head!  
He saw his comrades’ sabres sweep  
Resistless o'er the plain,  
And knew his trumpet’s loyal note  
Had sounded not in vain.  
For, when they laid him in his rest—  
His bugle by his side—  
His lips still smiled—for Victory  
Had kissed them ere he died!

IN '26

*A San Francisco Grandfather's Story of the  
Days of Nineteen Six*

I

"Grandpa," a rosy schoolboy said,  
    His eager face aglow,  
"Why is to-day a holiday,  
    And all the streets below  
Crowded with joyful folk, who march  
    With rose-wreathed spades and picks,  
With Bear flags, and great banners  
    Marked 'Six, and Twenty-six?'

II

"Why are the bands all playing,  
    'Mid soldiers mile on mile?  
And long, long lines of carriages  
    Of gray-haired men, who smile  
At those who hail them as they pass,  
    And strew with flowers their way?  
Why 'o they cheer as though the world  
    Ne'er saw so great a day?"

### III

"It is a wondrous story, lad,  
    Just twenty years have gone  
Since we who lived in Nineteen Six,  
    On such an April morn  
As this, endured the direst fate  
    That all Time's records tell,  
When all the sky was lurid flame—  
    The earth a blazing hell!

### IV

"When woe and horror—want and fear  
    And death walked hand in hand,  
When mother's wail o'er homeless babes  
    Filled all the stricken land,  
When famine grew—till from yon hills  
    The watchers wan could spy  
The smoky flags of rescue rise  
    From out the Eastern sky!

### V

"Ah! boy, to me that awful time  
    A nightmare still doth seem.  
And what I see to-day appears  
    No less a wondrous dream—

In which these palaces of trade  
That mark our city's might,  
Were reared by a magician's wand,  
Created in a night.

## VI

"For greater than our cruel loss  
Were those great hearts of yore,  
Who, even as the ruin spread,  
Clasped hands above and swore  
That they, sons of the Pioneers—  
The children of the Bear—  
Would build above that dreary waste  
A city still more fair!

## VII

"And so, as brothers should, they toiled,  
The rich and poor were one,  
No fear, no faltering, was there  
From rise to set of sun.  
The grumbler found no listener,  
The drone no neighbor's cheer,  
No craven heart among the men,  
The women shed no tear.

## VIII

"And they who fled in coward rout,  
When skulking back they came,  
Met naught from us who wrought save jests  
To mock their load of shame.  
While up—Still up!—the city rose  
From blackened wall and sod,  
From the first brick to the last brick  
All shoulders bore the hod.

## IX

"And California, fairest  
Of all the States of earth,  
Leaned from her ermine vested throne  
And watched her child's new birth.  
And from her vales of fruit and vine,  
Her hills of coffered gold  
Poured out to speed the giant task  
Her cheer and wealth untold.

## X

"Til San Francisco, Queen that was,  
Her scepter grasped again,  
And, throned on her seven hills,  
An Empress now doth reign,

To mark, borne by her vassal seas,  
The Orient's priceless freight,  
The North and South lands' argosies  
Enter her Golden Gate.

## XI

"Ah ! 'tis the bravest story, lad,  
That e'er was writ or sung,  
And 'round the whole great globe to-day  
'Tis told in every tongue,  
You'll find, my boy, in every land  
To which your steps may roam,  
A royal welcome waits for him  
Who calls your birthplace home."

## A WAR TRAGEDY

"Oh, yes, I'm doing fine—just fine,"

The wounded Sammy said  
To the sweet-faced little Red Cross nurse  
That bent above his bed.

"This phoney arm and busted rib  
Ain't nuthin' but a joke—  
It brings fine grub—real beds—and lots  
Of time to loaf and smoke.

There's naught in this to growl about,  
These shrap' dents ain't the first  
I've run against out at the front,  
And things a dam sight worse.  
Oh, no, I don't mean bay'net work—  
Nor bombs—nor poison gas.  
You soon get used to them and shells  
That every minute pass.

Nor tain't the mud and cold of which  
The writer fellows tell;  
But awful *unexpected* things,  
That makes war seem just hell.  
What things? Well, I can think of one  
I'll ne'er in life forget—  
Awake—asleep—that fearful time  
Seems like a nightmare yet.

Our boys, they held a first-line trench—  
With both ends shot away.  
For three whole days no help or grub  
Could come to where we lay.  
Well—we ate snow, and cinched our belts,  
And tried to sing and shout,  
But one thing broke our hearts at last—  
*Our smokes had all give out!*

And what that means to starving men  
I ain't got words to state!  
Just the one thing our raw nerves craved  
To stand the gaff—and *wait*.  
Just at the breaking point the word  
“Over the Top!” did come,  
And more like fiends than human men  
We charged with steel and bomb.

We took one trench. But rapid-fires  
Got half our men, or more,  
So my squad—what was left—dashed for  
A big shell hole we saw,  
'Twas good and deep, and, as we crouched,  
Down on our heads there slid  
A just-killed Hun—an officer  
All right. But as he did

From out his inside pocket rolled  
A box of cigarettes!  
It seemed a glimpse of Paradise  
To us poor shaken vets.  
As first "Non Com" I grabbed the prize  
And dealt 'em to the men;  
Just ten of them, and ten of us.  
Ten swell cork tips—just ten.

Now hark! and I will tell you what  
Will take your breath away,  
And make the blood freeze in your veins,  
Just like mine did that day;  
For as each man his trousers felt  
For a dry place to scratch,  
Right then—*then* came the awful blow,  
*Nobody had a match!*

## THE GENERAL'S CLOAK

On either hand the trenches ran,  
Smoke shrouded out of sight,  
The great guns roared, the rifles flashed  
Like fireflies through the night,  
While overhead the shrapnel buzzed—  
Those hornets of the fight.

From far headquarters down the line  
A wire sent message comes,  
“The ‘Old Man’s’ going to send us in,”  
The eager murmur runs;  
Each man refilled his cartridge box,—  
The gunners sponged their guns.

The buglers, too, caught up their horns,  
And one, with face aglow,  
Climbed to the trenches’ wire girt top  
Belt drawn, foot forward—so.  
Just as a runner in a race  
Waits for the signal “Go!”

Just then in grey and ghostly flight  
The General’s staff goes by  
Quick, as the boy’s unsheltered form  
Caught the great Captain’s eye,  
He checked his horse, “Fall back, my lad,  
There’s time enough to die.

Fall back!" The bugler faced about  
As though on dress parade,  
"We're going to charge, sir, when we do  
"I *must* lead the brigade,  
We'll lose a sergeant—like as not,  
I want to rise," he said.

The great man smiled upon the lad,  
Then spoke in kindly jest  
"There'll be enough of vacancies  
Before we reach yon crest,  
But stripes are not for coat that has  
A bullet through its breast."

The boy gazed at his famous chief  
As stately there he sat,  
A General's stars about his neck  
And on his braided hat,  
"I would not mind one, sir, that came  
Through such a coat as *that*."

But hark! The signal rockets wake  
The cannons answering knell,  
And then in madly fierce appeal  
The bugles piercing swell,  
Heard high above the rifles din  
And long lines' charging yell.

A score of gallant hearts grew cold  
With each exultant peal,  
You know the rest, the shattered foe  
That fled from that red field.  
Shall not our song and story long  
That wondrous tale reveal?

And when the wan-faced moon arose  
That ghastly plain to view,  
The surgeons sought with careful steps  
To aid the living few,  
So thick upon that shell torn slope  
Did Death its harvest strew.

And then once more the General passed  
With solemn searching eyes,  
Again he halts, "There lies the lad  
That wished so much to rise.  
Ah! well—perhaps—up there," he glanced  
Toward the star-lit skies.

"He finds his recompense, though here  
Promotion he doth miss."  
Then, slipping off his broidered cape,  
Soft as a mother's kiss  
He spread it o'er the boy who longed  
For such a cloak as this.

And thus they laid him with the rest,  
Though ne'er a sergeant's bars  
Adorned his sleeve, his comrades tell  
How once in all our wars  
A simple bugler proudly slept  
Beneath a General's stars.

## THE SHARPSHOOTER'S MISS

Yes, that old rifle hanging there its pension, too,  
has won;  
And every notch upon its stock shows what its  
aim has done.  
"Old Neverfail's" the name it earned from more  
than one brigade;  
And through the war, from end to end, but one  
clear miss it made.

That one? Well, this was how it came: 'Twas  
down in Tennessee,  
Just after Richmond fell, and Grant had got  
the sword of Lee;  
Our regiment, the Fourth Vermont, for ten long  
months had fought,  
And watched—and chased—a raider chief who  
still could not be caught.

We called him "Fly-by-Night" (a name that  
suited us well);  
The moon ne'er went behind a cloud but rose  
his charging yell.  
He'd fight and run, and run and fight, but never  
slipped away,  
And which side got the most hard knocks 'twould  
puzzle me to say.

So, when the big surrender came and he got  
word from Lee,  
To yield his sword, we felt at last we'd nipped  
a plaguing flea;  
And as, to give parole, rode in those lines of  
dusty gray—  
Though all our men were full of joy, and all  
the bands did play—

We felt as though a funeral, somehow, was  
going on,  
To see those gallant foemen droop, all hopeless  
and forlorn—.  
So worn and wan their leader rode before his  
silent host  
It seemed as though both cause and man had  
faded to a ghost!

And while their arms were being stacked, the  
parole being read,  
He stood apart with downcast eyes and low  
averted head;  
But when the color guard advanced to turn his  
standard in,  
He lifted to the shot-torn rag his haggard face  
and thin.

With husky voice to gruff old Kent, our Colonel,  
    prim and stern,  
He said: "With victory crowned to-day you  
    to your homes return,  
While we to waste and ravaged farms our weary  
    footsteps bend,  
Yours all the glory, ours the loss—the shame—  
    the bitter end.

"Grant, then, I bear from this said spot one  
    remnant of my pride—  
This ragged flag, that four long years has floated  
    by my side.  
From half a score of hopeless fights I've borne  
    it in my breast!  
So take my sword to Washington to hang among  
    the rest.

But leave this tattered shred to me. Our Colonel  
    shook his head—  
"No time for buncombe! Sergeant! Here!  
    Receive the flag," he said.  
The raider's face grew dark, and quick his  
    breath as you have seen  
The wounded stag pant when he hears the  
    hounds come closing in.

Hard by his horse stood—'gainst his cheek he  
    felt the banner waft,—  
Then, with one cat-like bound, he tore his idol  
    from its staff!  
Quick in his teeth the colors caught, into the  
    saddle leapt!  
A shout—a rush of flying hoofs—off like the  
    wind he swept!

Crash! went our volley; all in vain. “Quick!  
    Mount! and cut him down!”  
Our Colonel roared; and soon his staff, and all  
    who horses found  
Tore after through the floating dust the human  
    whirlwind raised;  
While all our rowells brought the blood and all  
    our carbines blazed.

He was the comet, we the tail strung wildly out  
    behind,  
And though our firing never ceased, still back-  
    ward on the wind  
Fluttered that flag—and though full oft his hard  
    hit horse would reel,  
Still gamely was its rider borne in spite of all  
    our steel.

"We'll catch him by the river cliff, if this the course he keep!"

Cried one. "The horse was never foaled would take that awful leap.

See there! they're down!" But no; he'd but the saddle cast away;

And lightened even by that weight, his roan rushed on its way.

But when we reached the river's edge—sheer forty feet the bank—

Beneath, a drifting stain of blood showed where the stunned horse sank;

And, as we watched, its rider's head rose midway in the tide

And with the flag still floating back, swam for the other side.

"Fire!" called the Colonel, smiling grim. "We'll stop this bravo's fun;"

But not a cartridge in the troop remained unused save one.

That one the Colonel passed to me. "Old Neverfail," he said,

"Aim sure and let the war's last shot be through yon madman's head."

I took the charge and slipped it home, then set  
the breech-sight true,  
An inch above the sun-browned neck the fine-  
drawn bead I drew,  
And glancing from the shining tube to that dark  
head below,  
My comrades held their breath until I pulled—  
and let her go.

Perhaps a sudden heart-beat then the sure old  
piece upflung;  
Or, maybe, unbeknown, a tear upon my eyelid  
hung.  
All is that something caused just then “Old  
Neverfail” to sag,  
The only hole the bullet made was one more  
through that flag;

And there, like men of stone, we sat (although  
the Colonel swore)  
Until he’d safely stemmed the flood and gained  
the further shore.  
And somehow, when by camp-fire light this yarn  
the boys would tell,  
They’d say, “Although the old gun missed, it  
never shot so well.”

## BAY BILLY

You may talk of horses of renown,  
What Goldsmith Maid has done,  
How Dexter cut the seconds down,  
And Fellowcraft's great run.  
Would you hear about a horse that once  
A mighty battle won?

"Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg,—  
Perhaps the day you reck  
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,  
Kept Early's men in check.  
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away  
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,  
And held it with a will.  
Five several stubborn times we charged  
The battery on the hill.  
And five times beaten back, reformed,  
And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight  
Spurred up a general's aid,  
"That battery *must* silenced be!"  
He cried, as past he sped.  
Our colonel simply touched his cap,  
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more  
The grand old fellow came.  
No wounded man but raised his head  
And strove to gasp his name,  
And those who could not speak nor stir,  
“God blessed” him just the same.

For he was all the world to us,  
That hero gray and grim.  
Right well he knew that fearful slope  
We'd climb with none but him,  
Though while his white head led the way  
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,  
When, 'midst the storm of shell,  
Our leader, with his sword upraised,  
Beneath our bay'nets fell,  
And, as we bore him back, the foe  
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,  
And when the bugle said,  
“Up, charge again!” no man was there  
But hung his dogged head.  
“We've no one left to lead us now,”  
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line  
The colonel's horse we spied,  
Bay Billy with his trappings on,  
His nostrils swelling wide,  
As though still on his gallant back  
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place  
That was of old his wont,  
And with a neigh that seemed to say,  
Above the battle's brunt,  
"How can the Twenty-second charge  
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood  
And gazed a little space,  
Above that floating mane we missed  
The dear familiar face,  
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,  
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all  
As that brave sight had done,  
Down all the battered line we felt  
A lightning impulse run.  
Up! up! the hill we followed Bill,  
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height  
    Died out the battle's hum,  
Vainly 'mid living and dead  
    We sought our leader dumb.  
It seemed as if a spectre steed  
    To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night  
    Fell softly o'er the plain,  
As though o'er man's dread work of death  
    The angels wept again,  
And drew night's curtain gently round  
    A thousand beds of pain. .

All night the surgeons' torches went  
    The ghastly rows between—  
All night with solemn step I paced  
    The torn and bloody green.  
But who that fought in the big war  
    Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark  
    Sang in the merry skies,  
As if to e'en the sleepers there  
    It bade, Wake, and arise!  
Though naught but that last trump of all  
    Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,  
Stretched out the long brigade;  
Trimly upon the furrowed field  
The troops stood on parade,  
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed  
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men  
Were in their place that morn,  
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon  
Stood six brave fellows on,  
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,  
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour  
When, as with misty eyes,  
To call the old familiar roll  
The solemn sergeant tries,—  
One feels that thumping of the heart  
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow  
The last few names were said,  
Across the field some missing horse  
Toiled up with weary tread,  
It caught the sergeant's eye, and, quick,  
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,  
All safe from battle's harms,  
And ere an order could be heard,  
Or the bugle's quick alarms,  
Down all the front from end to end  
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth  
Could still our mighty cheer.  
And ever from that famous day,  
When rang the roll-call clear,  
Bay Billy's name was read, and then  
The whole line answered, "Here!"

## THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B

South Mountain towered on our right,  
Far off the river lay,  
And over on the wooded height  
We held their lines at bay.

At last the mutt'ring guns were stilled,  
The day died slow and wan.

At last their pipes the gunners filled,  
The sergeant's yarns began.

When,—as the wind a moment blew  
Aside the fragrant flood  
Our brierwoods raised,—within our view  
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,  
From fireside fresh she seemed.  
(Of such a little one in heaven  
One soldier often dreamed).

And as we stared, her little hand  
Went to her curly head  
In grave salute, "And who are you?"  
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again,  
She lisped out, "Who is me?  
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,  
The Pride of Battery 'B.'

"My home? Why, that was burned away,  
And pa and ma are dead,  
And so I ride the guns all day  
Along with Sergeant Ned,

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,  
A cap with feathers, too,  
And I march beside the drummer-boy  
On Sundays at review;

"But now our bacca's all give out,  
The men can't have their smoke,  
And so they're cross,—why, even Ned  
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big Colonel said to-day—  
I hate to hear him swear—  
He'd give a leg for a good pipe  
Like the Yanks had over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum,  
And the big guns were still,  
I'd creep beneath the tent and come  
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,  
    You'd give me some "Lone Jack."  
Please do,—when we get some again  
    I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will, for Ned—says he,—  
    'If I do what I say  
I'll be a general yet, maybe,  
    And ride a prancing bay.' "

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er  
    You should have heard her laugh  
As each man from his scanty store  
    Shook out a gen'rrous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down  
    A score of grimy men,  
Until the Sergeant's husky voice  
    Said "'Tention, Squad!"—and then

We gave her escort, till good-night  
    The pretty waif we bid,  
And watched her toddle out of sight,  
    Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, nor turned about  
    A man, nor spoke a word  
Till after while a far, hoarse shout,  
    Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back,—then cast sad eye  
Upon the scene around.  
A baby's hand had touched the tie  
That brothers once had bound.

That's all,—save when the dawn awoke  
Again the work of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke  
The screaming missiles fell,

Our Gen'ral often rubbed his glass,  
And marvelled much to see  
Not a single shell that whole day fell  
In the lines of Battery "B!"

## THE DAY OLD BET WAS SOLD

I wandered where a curious crowd  
Thronged in an open square  
To see an auction held, of things  
That were both odd and rare.  
It was a travelling showman's stock  
That made the people stare.

There were horses gray and ponies brown,  
And birds of every kin,  
And lions grim, and polar bears,  
And serpents long and thin:  
An elephant was up for sale  
Amid the noisy din.

Gravely above the gaping crowd  
The huge beast patient stood.  
Yet gazed, methought, with anxious eye  
Beyond the rabble rude,  
To where an old man sat apart  
In fixed and anxious mood.

“And why so sorrowful, old man?”  
I said. He raised his head,  
His eyes were full of the dumb grief  
Of faces that are dead,  
“They're selling off Old Bet from me,”  
In husky voice he said.

"And do you care so much?" A tear  
Upon the rough cheek fell.  
"Stranger, sit down beside me here,  
And, if you like, I'll tell  
Why that old beast is dear to me,  
And why I love her well.

'Tis nigh twelve years since Bet and I  
First started on the road,  
And never once, in all that time,  
I've touched a whip or goad;  
She is the kindest, quickest thing  
That ever bore a load.

Always the same old gentle girl,  
Though little hay she'd get  
Sometimes, when biz was very bad,  
And roads were rough, and yet—  
She was the gentlest of we three,  
Me, Jimmie, and old Bet.

Jim was my little one, you see,  
The brightest, sweetest boy,  
That ever came from heaven on earth  
To be a father's joy.  
His mother died when he was born,  
And Bet, awhile, was coy,

And jealous, too, until at length  
She somehow seemed to find  
That Jimmie had no mother left,  
And so she changed her mind,  
And 'dopted him herself, and proved  
As any mother kind.

We brought him up by hand, us two,—  
You needn't smile, 'tis true:  
There's not a nurse in all the land  
That could old Bet outdo;  
She'd make a cradle of her trunk,  
And shake his rattle, too.

And when the nights were cold and sharp,  
The rain came driving in,  
Beneath her big warm side he'd lay  
And laugh at blankets thin.  
No fear that Bet would doze away  
And crush the baby in.

Ah! well, one day (the rich don't know  
What poor folks have to do)  
I was training Jimmie for the ring,  
When, as he vaulted through  
A paper hoop, he missed and fell,  
All white, and senseless too.

His spine was hurt, and two long years  
We nursed my crippled child.  
Yet even when he suffered most  
He patient was and mild;  
A hundred times he dried my tears  
And coaxed me till I smiled.

We never left him, Bet and I,  
But steady day by day  
She'd softly swing him off to sleep,  
Or fan his pain away,  
And every cake or nut she'd get  
On Jimmie's bed she'd lay.

But that's not all,—one stormy night,  
Just as we pitched the tent,  
The lightning struck a tiger's cage,  
And out the mad beast went.  
Then suddenly there came the scream  
For help, that Jimmie sent.

We heard the tiger snarl just where  
The tiny bed did lie,  
The keepers jerked their pistols out  
And rushed toward the cry.  
Quick as we were, old Bet was first:  
She flung the baby high!

And as upon her great black head  
    He clung, all white and flat,  
With lifted trunk and levelled tusks  
    Old Betsey faced the cat!  
I gave her double hay that night,—  
    Who wouldn't after that?

At last Jim died, and when in peace  
    The little angel lay,  
The very clowns had tears to shed,  
    And one knelt down to pray.  
Although our boss was rough and hard,  
    We didn't show that day.

And as around the coffin small  
    Gathered our solemn band,  
Old Betsey took it up herself  
    Ere we could stretch a hand,  
And when we left the grave looked back,  
    And seemed to understand.

Then only we were left. That seemed  
    But closer still to tether  
Old Bet and me, and sadly since,  
    In fair or stormy weather,  
Upon the road or in the ring,  
    We've mourned our dead together.

They say beasts have no souls,—no heaven  
When they are dead,—I know  
If there's a place where faithful love  
Has got the smallest show,  
They'll let Bet in, or else it's not  
The place I want to go.

I haven't many years to live,  
And Betsey's growing old;  
They might have let us rough it through—”  
Just then his face grew cold,—  
For as he spake the hammer fell,  
And poor old Bet was sold.

## THE WHARF RAT

You see, gents, my pal, Tim an' me,  
Was a-takin' a quiet swim,  
When a cop come a-sneakin' along the warf,  
An' he nabs poor little Tim.

You bet it was rough on us partners, that  
For while Tim in the cooler stayed,  
His corner'd be tuk by s'mother boy  
As ud cabbage his reg'lar trade.

So Tim went a-snivelin' up the street,  
With me snivelin' on behind,  
Wen a big man outer er resterrink come  
As I guess 'ud been drinkin' wine,

An' he sez, "Whot's this here criminal done?"  
So the cop sez, "Yer see it's agin  
Ther law fur to swim on ther city front,  
So I'm runnin this Wharf Rat in."

An' the big man laughs as he looks at Tim,  
An' he sez, "How much is there fine?"  
Five dollars! They charge the same for a bath  
They does fur a bottle er wine.

"Wall, I guess I'll pay it," an' then he winks  
At me and ther cop kinder queer,  
"But mind yer, Rat, this is ony a loan—  
You must pay it back in—a year."

He laughs again when Tim braced up,  
An, he looks him square in the eye,  
An' sez with fist a-clinched this way—  
"Ef I don't sir, I hope ter die."

Well, most of a year had gone, one day  
Me and Tim was a-stealin' a dip  
By the ferry wharf, when the boat kem in  
'An run too hard 'gin ther slip;

An' a little gal, that a big man held  
A settin' upon the rail,  
Wos knocked clean over ther steamer's side  
In the shake uv a sheepses tail.

We seen 'twere some rich man an' knowed  
Ther babby belonged to him;  
So Tim dived arter it like a duck—  
Fur I tell yer *he* saveyed ter swim.

Ther passengers yelled, ther bells they banged,  
Till ther boat backed off from there;  
Then we see'd my pal catched onter a pile  
A-grippin' the gal's long hair.

So they hauled 'em both out onter ther deck,  
The gal,—she was safe and sound,—  
But Tim had been hit by the iron wheel—  
His side wos jest one big wound.

The daddy, he kissed his kid, then kneeled  
Where Tim lay so white an'sick,  
“God bless yer,” he says, “my little man—  
Some one fetch a doctor, quick!”

“No use,” sez Tim, “I’m goin,’ Sir,  
I can’t pay yer now, yer see,”  
An’ he takes from his neck a little bag—  
“I’m four-bits short,” says he.

“Don’t yer savey ther boy that wos tooked up,  
Wot yer lent ther money that day?  
I’d most got it all made up, but now—  
But now, I never kin pay.”

“Don’t talk uv that,” sez the father chap,  
Big tears a-runnin’ free;  
“You’ve saved my babby’s life, an’ she’s  
Wuth all ther world ter me!”

“Is she wuth four bits?” sez Tim, so weak;  
“Oh! yes,” sez ther man—“Give him air!”  
“Then,” sez Tim, just like he wos goin’ ter sleep,  
“Then, Mister, you an’ ne’s *square*.”

An' that wos ther last work Timmy sez,  
An' all them big men tall,  
Tuk off their hats as my pal let go,  
Yes, they did—plug hats an' all!

An' a gospel sharp as was in ther crowd,  
He kneeled right down by Tim,  
An' he told uv a Bible feller as 'lowed  
Dead kids ter cum ter him.

I tell yer it's hard ter lose ther pal  
Ye've fit fer, starved with, an' love;  
But I'mbettin' as them as is square down here  
Is *square* up there above!"

## JIMMIE

His Honor sat in civic state  
When soft the massive door  
Opened a timid inch, and there  
Beneath its knob, he saw,  
A tiny urchin's smudgy face  
That tears had veinéd o'er.

"Please sir, I've come about my goat  
The're got him in the pound."  
"Get out, you little rascal, you!"  
The City said, and frowned.  
A big tear from the grimy nose  
Fell piteous on the ground.

An hour ticked by,—the civic gaze  
Drawn by a pigmy sigh,  
Saw still, behind the gaping door,  
A small but steadfast eye,  
Strained like a shipwrecked sailor's to  
Some distant sail descry.

"Please sir, he's such a little goat,  
He slipped our palings through,  
He never butts the girls and boys,  
'Deed sir, he never do."  
And then, with sudden guile, he said,  
"His name is Jimmie too."

Now Jim Rolf plays a double part,  
    Of all known Mayors, 'tis said,  
He carries round the softest heart  
    Beneath the hardest head.  
He paused, and seized a pen, and soon,  
    The goat's reprieve was read.

"Did you put 'Jimmie' in? Because  
    As by the pound I came  
I seed they had some other goats,  
    And put "This goat is lame."  
The Mayor's eye twinkled, solemnly  
    He wrote the prisoner's name.

A wild whoop from the corridor  
    Gave every ear a twinge,  
But in a moment once again  
    The door creaked on its hinge.

A brown reluctant paw was seen,—  
    A sleeve with ragged fringe.  
"Here, sir, take this—fur keeps" he said  
    Half smiling, half forlorn,

A battered base-ball dropped and rolled  
    The City's carpet on.  
The door shut with a hasty snap  
    The giver brave was gone.

## GUILTY

"Well, Officer 451"

Said the Chairman of the Board,  
"You're charged with duty unfulfilled.

As this does not accord  
With your good record up to date,  
We'll hear what you've to say  
In your defense before we take  
Your credit marks away."

"It's because of this new ordinance"

The stalwart bluecoat said,  
"The one against the little tots  
That try to earn their bread;  
I mean the kids with flowers to sell  
That on the corners stand,  
You've noticed them, your Honor,  
A half-starved little band?

Poor waifs from wretched homes  
That would a miser's heart make sore,  
With only their small hands to keep  
Starvation from the door!  
So when the word to 'move 'em on'  
And run them in to fine  
In case they didn't quit the trade  
Was passed along the line.

We felt—I know I did for one—no  
    Stomach for the job;  
'Twas too much like the skulking wolf  
    Who tries the fold to rob;  
And as for the big dealers, whose greed  
    Has caused it all  
I've nabbed a score of sneak thieves,  
    But none with souls so small!

Well, I tried to keep the corners clear,  
    Or tried to *think* I did,  
Till late one night I found a child  
    That in a door was hid,  
He *wouldn't* move—two bunches more  
    Of flowers he'd yet unsold  
And so I *had* to run him in,  
    A mere tot blue with cold!

I took him in my arms where soon  
    The poor mite fell asleep,  
But e'er he did he sobbing put  
    Within my hands to keep  
His little store of nickels, 'Please  
    Officer,' said he,  
'When I'm in jail take mama this,  
    She's sick and wants her tea.'

I don't know how it happened,  
Gents, but, somehow I turned around  
And packed that little ragged  
Boy half way across the town.  
I put him in his mother's arms,  
I did, and so would you,  
And bought to swell his little stake  
Those last two bunches, too.

You say my record has been good,  
And—well it's my belief  
I'm pretty fair at tackling toughs,  
Or footpads or a thief.  
But if I've got to keep my job  
By making cruel war  
On kids—then call it 'Guilty' sirs,  
And take away my star."

## THE DANDY FIFTH

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike,  
When all the land stood still  
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths  
That labor could not fill;  
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,  
And startled towns could spy  
A hundred blazing factories  
Painting each midnight sky.

## 2

Through Philadelphia's surging streets  
Marched the brown ranks of toil,  
The grimy legions of the shops,  
The tillers of the soil.  
White-faced militia-men looked on,  
While women shrank with dread;  
'Twas muscle against money then,—  
'Twas riches against bread.

## 3

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,  
A carriage stopped the way,

Upon the silken seat of which  
A young patrician lay,  
And as, with haughty glance, he swept  
Along the jeering crowd,  
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks  
Took off his cap and bowed.

## 4

That night the Labor League was met,  
And soon the chairman said;  
“There hides a Judas in our midst,  
One man who bows his head,  
Who bends the coward’s servile knee  
When capital rolls by,”  
“Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!”  
Rang out the savage cry.

## 5

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held  
Erect his head of gray;  
“I am no traitor, though I bowed  
To a rich man’s son to-day;  
And though you kill me as I stand—  
As like you mean to do—  
I want to tell you a story short,  
And I ask you’ll hear me through.

## 6

"I was one of those who enlisted first,  
 The Old Flag to defend,  
 With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant,  
 I followed to the end;  
 And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,  
 When the Union cause looked drear,  
 That a regiment of rich young bloods  
 Came down to us from here.

## 7

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut;  
 They'd hampers of good wine;  
 And every squad had a servant, too,  
 To keep their boots in shine;  
 They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,'  
 And through the whole brigade,  
 We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,  
 When we passed them on parade.

## 8

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort  
 The Rebs tried hard to take,  
 'Twas the key of all our line, which naught  
 While it held out could break,

But a fearful fight we lost just then—  
The reserve came up too late;  
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,  
Hung the whole division's fate.

9

"Three times we tried to take them aid,  
And each time back we fell,  
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns  
Boom like a funeral knell;  
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,  
And then straight through we broke;  
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats  
Still back of the drifting smoke!

10

"With the bands all front and our colors spread  
We swarmed up the parapet,  
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout  
I shall never in life forget.  
Four days before had their water gone—  
They had dreaded that the most,—  
The next their last scant ration went,  
And each man looked a ghost—

## 11

As he stood gaunt-eyed behind his gun,  
Like a crippled stag at bay,  
And watched starvation—though not defeat—  
Draw nearer every day.  
Of all the Fifth, not forescore men  
Could in their places stand,  
And their white lips told a fearful tale,  
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

## 12

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay.  
Save here and there a few  
In death sat rigid against the guns,  
Grim sentinels in blue;  
And their Colonel, he could not speak or stir,  
But we saw his proud eye thrill  
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff  
Where the old flag floated still!

## 13

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,  
White the wolf snarls at our door,  
And the men who've risen from us— to laugh  
At the misery of the poor;

But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand  
I have left the strength to lift,  
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell  
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth?"

PATRIOTIC



## THE CHILDREN OF THE BEAR

The great guns thunder from the forts,  
And echo from the bay,  
And dense the joy-mad crowds that line  
The victor's rose-strewn way.  
All flags that marched with Freedom's hosts  
Float o'er the gallant sight,  
While overhead our eagles buzz—  
Those hornets of the fight.

File upon file—rank upon rank,  
They come—our kith and kin,  
But not the fresh-faced youths we sent  
The half lost cause to win,  
Not those the stern-browed warriors  
We greet with awe today,  
For these are bronzed veterans  
Of camp—of trench—and fray.

But ah! amid the trumpets' blare,  
The music and the cheers,  
Are some of us that gaze whose eyes  
Are dim with many tears.  
Mothers, and wives, and little ones  
Who prayed and hoped in vain,  
Who watch the shrunken files for those  
That ne'er will come again.

For still with mem'ry eyes they see—  
It seems but yesterday—  
Some brave, upstanding, smiling lad  
That blithely marched away.  
Who now within the dwindled ranks  
A spectral form goes by,  
Grim Death comes double when it wills  
That hope and love shall die.

And see! behind the rearmost ranks  
Another troop goes past,  
A still more ghostly company,  
“MISSING” its epitaph.  
Those filling unregarded graves  
“Just somewhere “over there,”  
Unnamed, unmarked by comrades’ hands,  
Or even alien care.

Rest well beneath the south wind’s breath,  
Nor miss brief glory’s call,  
Dear stragglers from the camp of death,  
We mourn ye most of all,  
At least we know where o’er thy sleep  
The tears of April flow,  
Each Spring Memorial Day will keep,  
And bid the daisies grow.

## SARGINT BURKE

Sargint Burke is back again—  
He's down at Doolan's place,  
Wid a midel an his uniform—  
A scar anent his face  
He's huggin' ivery gurl he mates  
And ye's may put it down  
There's goin' ter be ther devil's toime  
Now Sargint Burke's in town.

It's singin' "Over There" he is  
An' poundin' an ther bar,  
An' ivery mon that drinks wid him  
Must have a foine seegar  
An' Widdy Kelly's little Kate  
That's comin' there for beer  
Can't pay wan cint ther bucket-full  
Ther whoilst the Sargint's here.

He makes a trinch av Doolan's bar  
And then lapes o'er the top  
To show the byes the baynit worruk  
That made ther Fritzeys stop.  
Ther wimmin do be pakin' in  
The windys from ther strate  
To hear him do ther Marshall Hayes,  
A Frinch song that sounds great.

Ther round house hands kape droppin' in  
An' niver going back  
An' there's two freights upon the switch  
Ther wan on ayther track,  
Ther Soopertindint av ther yard  
Is mad enough ter swear,  
But darsent say a wurrud—but, grins  
The whoilst ther Sargint's there.

Ah, Sargint, Sargint, Sargint Burke,  
Ye devil wid yer ways,  
Ye're rubbin all ther sorry off  
These could and peaceful days,  
Och hone! but it's mesilf widall  
There cares Oi have ter drown  
Must lave me pick an' rest a bit  
Since Sargint Burke's in town.

## THE MARINES

At the ball given at Manchester, England, to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the U. S. Marines, the welcoming address by Field Marshal Haig was followed by these lines recited by Rudyard Kipling. At least this is what our American Author thinks might most appropriately have happened:

The day was far spent like our men. We had sent  
For support but had waited in vain.

The gray line of fire rolled higher and nigher,  
Then wavered and ebbed back again.

But we knew if the night should shut down on  
the fight

We should lose every trench—every pit,  
So we lost heart at last when our Colonel went  
past

On a stretcher, white faced and hard hit.

Just then from the rear came a weird yapping  
cheer

High over the rapid fires' hum,  
And up went OUR shout as our Major shrieked  
out,

"Sit tight, lads—the Yankees have come!"

And they came as at Dover the breakers boil  
over

The cliffs, and they smothered the Hun.  
Then—we dropped asleep—kneeling—and stand-  
ing—all feeling  
The job out in front was well done.

They are round us tonight in the ballroom's  
bright light

'Mid the waltzes' soft surges and foam,  
Though the hands are now hid in immaculate kid  
That once drove the bayonet home.

But we know 'till are furled the war flags of the  
world

What the cult of blood-brotherhood means—  
That their Liberty's light will e'er flash through  
the night

*"Sit tight—till I send my Marines!"*

## MEMORIAL DAY

At these green billows on whose crest  
Tosses the clover's spray  
Our children wondered as we drest  
With flowers our solemn way.

And still they wonder as we turn  
With tear wet eyes that are  
Fixed on the trail that leads beyond  
The far horizon's bar.

The long, long trail our yearning takes  
O'er leagues of land and sea  
To that vast camp of death, of which  
These but the stragglers be.

To where, perchance, with grateful love  
Our rescued allies stand  
Where we would be this day of days  
In dreary "No Man's Land."

Where now at last all timidly  
The long-missed grasses creep  
With Nature's loving care to soothe  
Our dear ones where they sleep.

We know not of the gallant deed,  
Linked with each hero's name,  
Who gave his life for you and me  
Before the cannon's flame.

Of him who 'neath the tiny cross  
That marks each hasty mound  
Best won the dear bought accolade,  
The soldier's cross and crown.

Of him who on some trench's edge  
First reddened by his blood,  
With shattered blade above his head  
Cheered on the coming flood.

Of him who when Death's hail had passed  
And "Vic'ry" rent the sky  
Gasped a glad echo to the shout  
And with it sank to die.

But, as the storm-drowned lilies' breath  
Still floats above the wave,  
The incense of their sacrifice  
Lingers above each grave.

Enough to know all freemen join  
To mark this God-sent May—  
That centuries to come will keep  
ONE great Memorial Day.

That all there is of human hope  
Springs from each hallowed spot,  
Where rest our dead 'neath immortelles  
That Time shall wither not.

## THE FLAG OF OUR FLEET

Let the great guns thunder! Let the drums beat!  
Swelling the roar of the turbulent street.  
For we honor the proudest banner to-day  
That floats o'er a nation's holiday.  
The sign of a century's sure increase,  
Of the patriot's pride, of his children's peace.  
On the greenest branch of humanity's tree,  
The full-blown flower of liberty!

Symbol of deeds by the martyrs done,  
In the cause oft lost, yet forever won.  
By valley and mountain, by city and sea,  
The ideal banner of liberty!

Thy germ was sown in the age's dawn,  
E'er Nero fell or the Christ was born.  
Thy infant arm stabbed the Caesar down,  
And plucked from its power the Roman crown.  
Divorced from its scabbard the Saxon sword,  
And led to the desert the Tartar horde;  
And the ghosts of all flags that strove to free  
Mankind float from thy staff with thee.

Thou phantom dream of the hoary past,  
Mankind's first—only hope—and last.  
The sign of the world's great day to be,  
Thou blood-bought banner of liberty!

Thrice did the Gauls' long struggle fail,  
'Mid ravaged cities and woman's wail;  
Thrice was the desperate cause betrayed  
At the back of the blood-wet barricade.  
Yet ever the parting word went round  
As the last red standard was trampled down,  
"Courage, companions! It yet shall be,  
Our brothers have conquered, so must we!"

To-day the zephyr that fondles thee  
Kisses thy sister across the sea.  
Side by side on its kingless shore  
Thy glad folds twine with the tricolor.

"  
They stars were the storm-set beacon light  
That shone through the gloom of Italia's night;  
When the bombs fell fast in Palermo town  
And Bomba's scythe cut "the Legion" down.  
But ever as hope from the carnage fled  
Garibaldi lifted his lion head—  
"Faint not, my children—over the sea  
Still floats the bright omen of liberty!"  
And behold, by the mother of art and song,  
The angel of peace hath nestled long,  
And Caprera's banner flutters like thee,  
The sign of its people's unity.

But not from the lightnings of lurid wars  
Are the brightest rays of thy fadeless stars.

Thy chiefest glory lives not in the flood  
That stripes thy bosom with patriot blood—  
But in this—of all flags by Victory's sun  
Illumined since thy infant cause was won,  
Thou—thou hath been chosen alone to be  
The world's great evangel of liberty!

To-day as thou marcheth across the seas  
Thy spirit rides on each landward breeze.  
And many an alien heart shall beat  
At the message left by the free land's fleet.

For here, in Columbia's land of grace,  
Is thy steadfast home, and thy altar place.  
Here shall the flame of the world's desire  
As the years roll on blaze high—and higher,  
Till a score of ransomed Cubas raise  
Their chain-freed hands in a hymn of praise,  
And a score of Deweys yet to come  
Strike the belching guns of each despot dumb.

Thou deathless pledge of fraternal love,  
Thou herald of hope from Heaven above,  
For each new dawn paints thy glories there,  
To say to the serf in his shackles "DARE!"

In the jungle haunt, in the mountain gorge,  
Thy colors glow in the midnight forge.  
Where Poland weldeth anew her steel;  
Where the Afric writhes 'neath the alien's  
heel;

Where the Sunburst signals its exiles far;  
Where the earthquake quivers beneath the Czar;  
Allwheres the crushed slave lifts his eye  
To thy rainbow hues in the Western sky,  
And ne'er shall that beacon blaze grow dim,  
Till the round world echoes thy natal hymn;  
For thy staff is set in the mighty hand  
That shelters the free hearts' Fatherland!

## "CARRY ON"

There's a slogan and a battle cry  
That rings the world today,  
That shall live in song and legend  
When all we have passed away.  
It was born in first line trenches,  
Where they lead the hopes forlorn—  
A bugle call to freemen all  
Forever, "Carry On!"

Midway in that fierce charge he fell  
With shattered arm and side.  
But when the stretcher bearers came,  
"Don't mind ME, lads!" he cried;  
"There's greater need for you ahead,  
MY scratch is easy borne.  
Forward, R. C.; they's calling ye;  
Don't linger, "Carry On!"

And where the sons of Lafayette  
Fight—as HE fought—again  
And reap the Teutons' sullen ranks  
As sickle cuts ripe grain,  
High o'er the hell of bomb and shell  
From trenches swept and torn,  
The same great slogan echoes back,  
"Companions, Carry On!"

The Austrians know that fateful cry  
    The charging Cossack shrieks,  
Where myriad littered Russian bear  
    Snarls 'mid his snowclad peaks.  
The cowed Turk hears it as he slinks  
    Back to his golden Horn;  
And Garabaldi's spirit pleads,  
    "Dear comrades, Carry On!"

From far Australia's boundless range,  
    From Cuba's fields of cane,  
From India's jungles. From the treks  
    O'er Afric's burning plain,  
From where Alberta's sowers leave  
    Unreaped their seas of corn,  
The air-borne message steadfast ticks,  
    "We are coming! Carry On!"

And now—lo! every breeze that blows  
    O'er this red world today  
Meets where our mighty symbol stands  
    Above our eastmost bay,  
Her great torch heralding the hour  
    Of Freedom's world wide dawn.  
Ah, how OUR hearts thrill as SHE cries,  
    "My children, Carry On!"

## HERE!

"Here's Decoration day again,"

The feeble vet'ran said.

"And now by Grant and Sheridan

Is old Tecumseh laid.

They've moved headquarters up above,

And for the grand review

They're calling all the furloughs in,

Time I reported, too.

"This new Grand Army seems to me

All politics and fuss.

It may be some of those I see

Once marched along with us.

Perhaps there's some that followed Grant,

Or Sherman to the sea,

But most of 'em as wears the badge

Are strangers unto me.

"As long as one real Gen'ral lived

To show us vets the way

Things kinder seems familiar-like,

And me content to stay.

But now I'll leave the new recruits

To shoulder arms and tramp;

I'm longing for the next relief

That takes me back to camp.

"The chaplains say we'll meet beyond  
But flags of truce and love,  
Yet still I feel that when I pass  
The picket posts above  
I'll find somewhere along the line  
The place where I belong,  
And 'Hallelujah!' raise again—  
I mean Tecumseh's song.

"I think I see the boys up there,  
And hear their wild 'hurrah!'  
When 'tother day Tecumseh came  
To join them as of yore.  
Again I see him raise his hand  
To still the joyful din,  
And say, 'Now, let us call the roll;  
Are all the stragglers in?'

"I'm going in for one." And then  
The gray old head sank low;  
The weak limbs straightened bravely out,  
The hand was lifted—so.  
And as the startled watchers bent  
Above his couch in fear,  
And called his name, his dying lips  
Whispered in answer, "Here!"



## MISCELLANEOUS



## JUNE

June's glorious sun unclouded shines  
And not a bud unopened lingers,  
The roses laugh, and mid their vines  
The purple petaled eglantines  
Tangle their fragrant fingers.

The epauletted blackbird sings  
His love song in the velvet meadows;  
The oriole on flaming wings  
Flits through the orchard openings  
And slides into the shadows.

Afar the lake, a silver sheet  
Girdled by hills of green, lies sleeping;  
The brooks that in its bosom meet,  
We see not, but their foam-shod feet  
We hear the ledges leaping.

Along the fir-fringed mountain peaks  
The vagrant vapors drift and double.  
The doubting dove its lover seeks.  
Faint heard, the distant surf bespeaks  
The city's toil and trouble.

Leave your dull haunts, ye human moles,  
Blindly for sordid treasures mining.  
By verdant paths seek brighter goals  
And weave around your jaded souls  
The garlands June is twining.

## THE KNIGHTS OF GUTENBERG

*"The ten-inch is good, but in spite of change  
The Gutenberg gun has the longest range."*

HOLMES.

In the days when the world sat in darkness,  
When might was the law of the earth,  
When liberty seemed but a phantom  
To all but the chosen of birth;  
When the lash was the answer to manhood,  
When the serf was the beast of the field,  
When the cry of the women and children  
Was drowned by the rattle of steel.

When the dungeon, the rack, and the torture,  
Through despot and priest worked their will.  
When famine took toll of the many  
That the masters might feast to their fill.  
When over all lands hung the shadow  
Of cruelty, wrong and despair.  
When the eyes that were lifted to heaven  
Found no star of hope shining there.

There arose, ah! we all know the story,  
It can thrill us today as of yore.  
And rode to a ne'er fading glory  
The Knights of humanity's war.

They were only a handful—Knight Errants  
But their souls and their swords were alight  
With the just dawning hope of the helpless  
The first morning rays of the light.

And with helmet and breastplate and buckler,  
And lances forever in rest,  
Wherever was wrong or oppression,  
Wherever was want or distress,  
Wherever the serf cried for mercy  
Or pleaded a woman for aid,  
There flashed in the forefront of battle  
The Knight Errants' heaven-spod blade.

Full oft they were trampled and beaten,  
Full oft they went down in the fray,  
But the banner of hope still was lifted  
Its bearers still pressed on their way.  
No matter how dread was the slaughter  
Each gap was filled up by a sword  
Ne'er to rest in the Crusade of Heaven  
The true Holy Quest of the Lord.

Till at length—Oh! that great day of mercy  
When lo! at the high God's command,  
His Arch-angel passed down from Heaven  
The weapon that naught might withstand.

And that day was born the great order  
The Gutenberg Knights of the Press,  
Whose far ranging missiles forever  
Bade tyrants no longer oppress.

And soon, as the great task went forward,  
The Gutenberg Knights ruled the world.  
No corner where darkness still lingered  
But there were their white flags unfurled,  
And ever some great Knight Commander  
Took the lead till each battle was won,  
Then passed on his sword to another  
When his work in the great cause was done.

And ne'er shall they pause till is finished  
The task that the Saviour began.  
And the ages to come shall still hail them  
The hope and the bulwark of man.  
And behold! the device on the standard  
Of today's Knight Commander, the first  
In the van of humanity's soldiers,  
Is the "Monarch"—the banner of HEARST.

## A LITTLE WHILE

Dear friends, who gather here tonight,  
With joy and jest to greet  
Another milestone on the path  
Worn smooth by human feet,

'Tis meet we speed the genial hour  
With mirth and song and smile—  
We're here but such a little while,  
Just such a little while.

We're here just such a little while,  
We scarcely greet the dawn  
Before the noonday sun shines down—  
Before the night comes on.

No matter whether Fortune frowns  
Or with her gifts beguile,  
We're here just such a little while,  
Just such a little while.

Just time to lend a helpful hand  
To ease a comrade's load;  
Just time in life's great Marathon  
To cheer upon the road.

'There is no time for hatred here,  
For envy or for guile,  
We're here but such a little while,  
Just such a little while.

Then let us take away tonight  
The smiles we kindle here,  
To light our way on every day  
Through all the coming year.

We have but time in life's short span  
To love, to hope, to smile—  
We're here but such a little while,  
*Just* such a little while.

## TO A DEAD CHILD

And have you gone forever, child,  
My own dear little son?—  
A bud that faded ere its dew  
Had vanished in the sun.

The lonely house is haunted now,  
And whispers of the dead;  
I dread the waking morning hour,  
The evening hour I dread;

For then the little head was on  
My happy bosom laid,  
Tho', sometimes, when he watched the stars,  
I wept, and was afraid.

For he had often wished that when  
He left this world of ours,  
The birds would all be in their nests,  
And his sweet friends, the flowers,

Be fast asleep and would not know  
Their playmate strayed so far,  
And all he loved would be at rest,  
Except one little star,

"Because," he said, (his little head  
Was full of fancies odd,)  
"The star would guide the angel back  
That took his soul to God."

## WOMAN'S DAY

*(Proposed and Initiated by the San Francisco Examiner, September 2nd, 1919, as a Permanent Anniversary of Tribute to the Women War Workers of America.)*

Now that the cheers and the salvoes  
    Of guns from our bulwarks of steel  
Are stilled, and the trumpets of triumph  
    Have uttered their ultimate peal;  
Now that the last of the victors  
    Has passed with his laurel-twined wreath,  
Let us turn from the pomp of the pageant  
    To the soul of it all underneath.

For though they have won the vast struggle  
    That bondsmen have waged since the birth  
Of the ages, and planted the banner  
    Of Freedom throughout the glad earth;  
Though well they have earned the outpouring  
    Of praise from both ally and kin,  
Ah! braver than they were the sad ones  
    Who sent them to die or to win!

Let us turn and, with bowed heads uncovered,  
    Give tribute more deep and more true  
To the spirit that lies 'neath the surface  
    Of God's gift to me—and to you—

To the germ at the heart of the story  
Whose tellers we welcome today,  
To the real fountainhead of its glory—  
A power far greater than they.

For since, in the dim dawn of legend,  
The cave-dweller knew but one law,  
To slay or be slain, was the man-child  
Born ready and eager for war.  
For him is no harmony sweeter  
Than tocsin that calls to the son  
To fight for the heritage holy  
The sword of his sire has won.

Not his is the pen or the ploughshare  
When Liberty's legions are lined  
And the flag of his heart and his hearthstone  
Is lifted to fly in war's wind.  
His birthright the bright lure of danger,  
A warrior marshalled by Fate  
To speed to the forefront of battle  
As a bridegroom hies to his mate.

But what of the women—his women—  
The mother—the maid—and the wife?  
The high pride than conquers the heartache  
And bids him go forth to the strife?

The women that gather the harvest—  
That toil for their warrior's cheer—  
The women whose tireless needles  
Are rusted by many a tear?

The women who mother war's orphans,  
The women who still carry on,  
And face with proud courage the dark days  
From which all life's sunshine has gone;  
The women whose love and whose pity  
Bring balm to the sufferer's bed;  
The women whose angel wings hover  
Alike o'er the living and dead?

'Tis to these, that are more than mere heroes,  
We gather our homage to pay,  
To hail them as saints and as martyrs  
Forever on this Woman's Day.  
For theirs is the measureless burden—  
The sacrifice, sorrow and loss.  
'Tis theirs to be waiting—still waiting—  
As of old, at the foot of the Cross.

## A MAY QUEEN

Once as I loitered out the day  
Beside a murmuring rill,  
An angel, bearing blooms of May  
Passed down the wayside hill.

The lily with the rose contends  
To tint her winsome face,  
The lily that the ripple bends  
Hath not her perfect grace

And like the lily gemmed by showers  
She floateth on her way,—  
'Tis meet the virgin queen of flowers,  
Should be the Queen of May.

But, as I breathless watched her pass,  
Snared in her posy chain,  
My heart stole after, and, alas!  
It ne'er came back again.

And that is why when daisies start  
To greet fair Flora's day  
I sigh for that still truant heart,  
That phantom Queen of May.

## SOUL

We talk of souls—soul is the will of man,  
The inward urging that cries out *I can!*  
That buoys life's swimmer as he struggles on  
Through storm and darkness to fulfillment's  
dawn;  
While he who falters e'er he gains the shore  
Sinks to oblivion—and is known no more.



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